



THE NAVY ARRESTS MR. HARRIMAN.
Uncle Sam—Wal, I swan; guess I kin learn somethin' about enforcin' the law from the young duck!
—Minneapolis Journal.

"Why the worse for wear, insisted on seeing the maker."

"Good maw'nin', sah," said he, when the Speaker arose. "I 'ze de Reverend Mistah Brown, what I come to pray dis maw'nin'."

"Well, I am sorry, but you did not get here on time," replied the Speaker.

"I know, sah, but I was fest outside de door when I began prayin', sah."

"Well, I am sorry. You should have got here fust time." And the Speaker turned away.

"I feel a milt, boss," said the old darky. "Ain't no use de Lord and forgive somethin'."

"No," said the Speaker, somewhat puzzled. "Not I know of. Goodby."

Half hour later, when the Speaker was busy preparing for a meeting of the Rules Committee, a clerk came in and told him that there was a man outside who said he must see him. Hurly the Speaker stepped into the sacroom and stood Mr. Brown before him.

"Good maw'nin', Mr. Wardsworth."

"Well, what do you want now?"

"I 'ze de parson what was to pray dis maw'nin'."

"I know, I know. You told me all that be in de book. You did not get here in time. Goodby."

"But boss, ain't you done forgit a little thin'?"

"No. I told you that before."

"But—er—boss, when you was inside prayin' was de door outside de door offen?"

"Lord for he, and I said 'Amen' later'n you. An' ain't you done forgit somethin'?"

"This was too much. The Speaker, irritated beyond measure, ordered him to get into his seat, and "de Reverend Mistah Brown" walked away clutching \$5 bill.

PERHAPS HE WAS THE ONE TO BLAME.

Hicks. He drat met his wife when he was camping trip down in the Maine woods, but his marriage ain't n' happy.

He mistook her for a de Somer's Journal.